

A MERRY CHRISTMAS. COMMEMORATING THE BIRTH OF

CHRISTENDOM.

For Behold, I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy Which Shall be to all the



WILL TO MEN."

In its gladness the EAGLE greets every mas." We welcome the ever rounding time she knew nothing to the contrary. glad anniversary. We read once more the started to go across the Sargo de Cristo money and a wife and children. I was that bids us veil our growings-old with this brief but priceless story of the star, the manger and the babe, and happy thoughts carry us away to the hills and valleys whose ta whose husband worked in the Basick echoes were awakened one bright morning mine. Mrs. Williams had had a hard time Judes and to the feet of Him who wandered mother have been the inspiration of the sweetest songs ever written or suug, and has but the lives of those all about you in memory of the birth of that God-enshrined child who grew up to a life of continual sacrifices only that others might be made happy.

The shepards are all long since gone, that star has faded from the firmament, and the song which poured forth from the pure throuts of that celestial throng and vibrated for a brief ecutatic moment on the sacred air of honored Bethlehem has rolled in volve around that manger-cradle and its holy occupant whose divine glory is for the question. illumination of the ages.

Heaven's priceless boon to dispairing man shrined in the spirit of Bethlehem's Child, and the fundamental principles of the christion religion are susplified in, by, and through its unselfish gifts.

Thus in the darkness of our sojourn upon earth, as some one has said, when over all borne onward to some day of days, some radient morning full of the love of Christ, full of the glory of man, full of the long-hidden

"I heard the bells on Chrismas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet And words so nest

Of peace on earth, good will to men And thought how, as the day had come, Had rolled along The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good will to men! "Till, ringing, singing on its way The world revolved from night to-day A voice, a chime,

A chant sublin Of peace on earth, good will to men!

THE FRIARS' CHRISTMAS. In the convent of St. Joseph, high above the

Pinchon pass, Fifty monks before the altar knelt to say the Christmas mass; Low they knelt, but little cared they for the solemn words they said, All their thoughts were on the dainties for Much they murmured at the Abbott for h

bove them: "For His coming, who

you keep the Day Blessed forever by the Christ-child that on Mary's bosom lay? Will you feast while others famish? In the

Men are starving-feed them-feed them.

friars took their way Downward through the holy stillness of the their figures as they went

Birds of rescue, not of rapine, were the black

To the needy and the dying gifts of life and get married to some of the men that asked

strength they bere,
In the homes of want dividing all their cheriched Christmas store.

her to. I don't like aunt Mollie nor any of
her boys because they always want to fight,
and ma won't let me fight, and when I don't

Bread and mater formed their dinner. Of called me a nasty little sneak, and said little

pigs had big ears; and I don't like to be called But their joy what heart can me above the Abbot's drone a pig, would you! No, and you would not be your father's - But here the sentence As he led their vesper service rang again was cut short, for at that moment "Shep," "Ye are blessed in blessing others; whose leadsth to the Lord and jumping upon the stranger showed and

leadeth to the Lord
Findeth here and more hereafter his exceedine erest reward
an amount of affection as only a faithful old "Christ the Gift rewards true giving. He is ever fond of them

Who with gifts of heart and service seek for Him in Bethlebem,—

"Well that dog has taken leave of his sences." said Tomie. Poor old fellow, and the strength Him in Bethlebem,—

Te have found Him." Into silence died the tears glistened in his eyes.

lingering notes away;
In the hush the Abbot whispered, "nunc precamur—let us pray."

"Yes," said Tomie, "he is a good dog. Pa bought him when he was a little dog.

Merrily the bells ring out, Gleefully the children shout! Snow flakes whirling thro' the air Fell on youths and maidens fair, As they gaily sped their ways Warmly robbed in cozy sleighs.

What care they for winter's cold, Snow so dazzling, wind so bold? They are in youth's happy prime, Heeding naught but Christmas tim Pressing close to the cup of joy, Dreaming not of its alloy.

All too soon may come the time When the merry Christmas chime Falls unheeding on the ear Mow so quick its tones to hear. Let the children then be gay, Youths and maidens have their way, While the bright days linger here, Gladdest, merriest of the year. Let them hear no doleful sighs,

Or see the mists that dim your eyen As we think of "long ago" When we, too, loved cold and snow. Rather, let us join their play, For the time fling care away.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

In Search of the Sun. Written for the EAGLE, by a School Girl for other Girls and Boys.

In Rosita, a small mining camp; situated in the southern part of Colorado there lived "PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD a woman by the name of Williams. She was the mother of two children,a boy, seven, and a girl, five years of age. Mrs. Williams was a widow, so every one said, and reader this morning with a "merry Christ- in fact she said, and thought to herself, for being in the big city who had money to Four years ago her husband had gone of

range, to "strike it rich," as he termed it; warmly clad and in the best of health. The and had never been heard of since. Mr. Williams had a sister living in Rosi-

angelic band who sang the praises of Him herself and children. She did sewing, took in washing and everything else that she pinched, ragged, and great black eyes which whose light has lifted our humanity to a life | could get to do. Of course her sister helped | had the look of some hunted animal. I saw that lays hold of the eternal and grasps the her all she could but that did not amount to all this at a glance, and turned away. What that lays hold of the eternal and grasps the investigation of the three states of immortal; back to the vales and streams of much for her hashes and lad a large family to provide for Why should I care whether she was penniman and had a large family to pravide for. People often wonpered why Mrs. Williams less or had plenty? Was it my business to along their quiet margins or 'y to bless. The did marry; for several rough, but neverthepures' imagery of all time clusters about less kind hearted miners had asked her to she was wife or widow-whether children these scenes and events. That child and shere their lot with them but she would always refuse their hearty request, saying whether she lived alone and had money horded up? up some time and what would I do with two lent the brightest touches to the grandest husbands. I will live in hopes that he will pictures ever conceived. Then, dear readers come, if I die in despair." This greatly surprised the camp in general and Mrs. W.'s sister in particular. It was the day before streets of a busy city? Christmus; the weather was very clear and she must have at once. She felt very sad for her children that she loved better than anything on earth, could have no Christmas. The Santa Claus that they thought of so face which hunger had pinched was pinched much would bring nothing to them, yet again with cold. Her great, fear-haunted

> "Mamma," said little Jennie, the day beora Christmas Subat will Santa bring Tonic and n - this Christmas." "My dear, I fear he will forget you this Christmas. We are so poor, you know, and

for their mother had never been so poor as

"Where does Santa live?" was the next "Oh, away off by the sun," replied the

other in an absent way. That evening Tonie and Jennie ting out on the back poor step, where Tonie was busily engaged in making a sled. The just sinking behind a ountain that did not look very far away, and while the' clouds were all tinted with purple and gold, and made ery pretty sight indeed.

"There," said Tonio, "as soon as I tie the ope on it will be done and you shall have Little Jennie witched the stra a momen

"Tonie, is that mountain very far away?

"No, course it ain't; but what are ye askn' me that for? omma what Sana would bring us, she said ed her home and heard mones and sobs and "Oh, cause this morning when I asked hhe wouldn't bring us nothin', and then I asked her where Santa lived, and she said he lived by the sun, and I was thinking as how you and me could go over to the other side of the mountain where the sun's gone down and find Santa's house and tell bim how poor we are, and that our papa is gone and that he ought to give us something."

"Well, I don't know as I ever saw at house on the mountain that belonged t Santa, and I don't think I ever saw the sur over there, either, but I was never over there this time of night. If you say so, we will go and see if we can find the old man and tell him all about it, and I wouldn't wonder if he would give us something, and and journeyed through alleys where I has

I'll haul you on my sled. Now run in and put on your mittens, and tell ma I'm going to take you a ride on my sled. She was soon out again, and they set out on their journey in search of the sun. But they had not gone more than three blocks down the road when they met a strange geneman carrying two large valises.

"Howdy, little chaps, where are you bour r?" said he in a pleasant voice. "Don't like to tell, you might laugh and

"I would have no right to do that." "Well," began Tonie, "if you won't laugh I'll tell you. We're going to that mountain where the sun has just gone down, and over so ma said, and we're going to ask Santa to

may be he'll give us something nice."

"Is this mockery your welcome? Is it thus you got on the other side of the mountain it would be completely out of sight." "Maybe you're right; you wears good clothes, an' some how, mister, you somebody I used know when I was little. Pa, started to go over the range and "strike it rich," but I guess he froze to death or died with mountain fever, for he never came back

and then people got to calling ma widow Williams. I know she didn't like to be called widow, because she didn't know cry lots after pa went away, and old aunt Mollie said ma was a fool to sit and cry because pa went off and left her and she didn't her to. I don't like nunt Mollie nor any of purse would have lighted and warmed and with the emotions peculiar to Santa Claus is the Christmas store.

Robed and cassocked up the mountain through the going light of day
Climbed the fifty weary friars. Long and lick 'em, and then they always have dirty lick 'em, and one time when I heard aunt faces, and one time when I heard aunt pering:

"It is too late."

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

and after pa went away he used to cry and whine around and Pd tell him as how pa would "strike it rich" and come back with lots of money and then Shep needn't es anything but meat boncs all his life. I reckon you think "Shep" looks thin! Well I'll tell ye after pa went away he didn't have much to cut, and ma said he was lary or he'd ketch rabbits and eat them, but I know Shep aint got a lazy bone in his body; I think he's a tender-hearted dog and don't like to ketch the little sofe things and ea

By this time they had reached the hous where W's lived and the stranger turned in the gate and opened the door.

"O, John! my dear John, is it you or is it your ghost!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams.

Well there is not much more to tell, except that the stranger was Mr. Williams who had been to California and made his fortune. He had written to his wife but she had never received his letters. Such a mer ry Christmas as they had and of course "Santy" did not forget the children. Mr. W. often smiled long after they were living in a bright happy home, as he thought how he had found his children who had started out on a journey in search of the sun of where Santa Claus lived.

ONE CHRISTMAS MORN.

It was twenty years ago, and yet, when the thought springs to my mind I feel for a moment as if some one had stabbed me. I was guilty without crime. Doing only us millions of others has done, I laid up a barden of guilt which has humbled me thousand times in the presence of men, It was Christmas eve and the city was in excitement. It seemed as if every human buy with and a friend to buy for was to contribute to the joy of the morrow. I had

CLERGYMEN AND CHRISTMAS.

what you will get in your Christmas stock-

"Oh, yes," was ihe smiling reply. "It

will be about the same as last year and year

five dressing gowns, six handkerchiefs, fiv

"Oh, I have a list in my mind. Let's see

There will be five pairs of slippers, four

different mottoes of "Feed My Lambs,"

The third clergyman smiled in a sad way

"Put me down for twenty-two dressi gowns, twenty-four pairs of slippers and

"But you must get an ink-stand, or a sho

"No, it will be exactly what I tell you.

The fourth one doubted whether he ought

five. I have over four hundred in the house

now, outside of all I have thrown at cats.

The fifth one tried hard to get away, but

"Well, my congregation rather runs to

hardware. I shall count on forty pairs of

seissors, twenty-five boot jacks, fifty erasers,

as to what disposition was made of the sur

"Bless you! but it wouldn't do to get rid

of a single present! We simply box 'em up,

jabel the boxes, and build an addition to the

house each year to store 'em away. Come

O maiden fair! the Christmas comes, And Christmas snow is flocking,

Thou hast my heart, sweet one, or else I'll put it in thy stocking.

Close by the chimney it should hang, And warmer grow, and warmer, Till in the morn its captor came, The darling little stormer!

O maiden fair! the Christmas comes,

And Christmas snow is flocking. Schold a lover at thy feet, If not at thy dear stocking!

A SYMBOL OF THE SEASON.

As birds to sun-land wing their

As birds to sun-land wing their
way in blithesome bevies and
with song, so from the gift hand,
Christmay day, flow tokens that
life's joys prolong. The season's symbol, like a charm, wish
and delight is interlocking; and
plainest gifts the heart will warm
be they put forth within a stocking! *,* Time can destroy the
dearest whim; the sweetest joy

dearest whim; the sweetest joy age can bedim; but on life's

way all love to pause each year a day with Santa Claus. Tho heads be bowed with weight

of years, and onward crowd life's sadding

cares, the memory turns
at Christmas-tide in
grooves of childhood joys to glide.
Then hang
the stockings—
great and small!
Our chimney-

sprite will know them all! He reads the wish in

wished for aye to find. Yes! Hang

Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Last Christma Morning golden Of these one of the least Was glad in the light of heaven As it came from over the East.

We sided hope with a blessing

'How good every one is growing !"-Said she with a loving kiss,-

And strove with a New Year zest. But frost fell down and the Summer

Old world I whirl on in thy current

go in." But they had not advanced three

steps before there was a crackling of the bed, a rustling of the ciothes and the half-

smothered accents of a small boy's voice,

plus presents, and he replied:

wonder."-Detroit Free Press.

after being driven into a store and cornere

to give it away, but finally remarked:

and mournfully replied:

thirteen pen-wipers."

the list to vary.'

"And what do you count on!" was

ing?" observed a Free Press reporter to

well known clergyman yesterday.

bitter cold was nothing to me, and those at before. I count on ten pairs of slippers home had every comfort. I balted with the crowd before a grand pairs of gloves, two silk hats, three cane show window, and there, so near that I and fifteen book marks." since her husband went away to provide for could have pulled her rags, was one of my herself and children. She did sewing, took victims. She was a woman of fifty, gaunt of a second member of the cloth. canes, two hats, three pairs of gloves, ter

> You wouldn't have asked. Not one man in ten thousand would have cared. What is box, or a motto." one poor old woman more or less to the crowds who surged up and down the busy I've been here eight years, and never knew

1 was going home with presents for allcold, and poor Mrs. Williams had only with bright anticipations-with gratitude in money enough to buy a sack of flour that my heart that I had one to love, when the they expected something, as they had althey expected something, as they had al-ways received something every Christmas, bare arm—the skeleton fingers—the rags were enough.

Then I committed a foul crime. I did not strike her, nor brush her aside, nor custo in a single ginnee, and I turned away and passed on. She was a beggar. Perhaps the was a drupbard as well. How did I the work-house that very afternoon? If she was old and poor and friendless, her place was in the poor-house.

I looked back over my shoulder and there up some day and see my museum of nature the stood hand outstretched towards me as if she were praying to God to soften my heart and bring me back, and had faith tha He would answer her prayer.

but I did not halt; I felt a stab, but I con quered it, and said to my accusing consci ence: "Be still! you might give every dollar you possess to the poor, and you would re ceive no thanks"

That night when all the little stocking had been filled, and wife and I had express our gratitude for the blessings of life and the good health which had been ours for years I slept to dream. I dreamed of the gaur in who had asked for alms, I dreamed open it, but it would not yield. I tried to judged her and would help to make it a happy Christmas by sending food and fuel, but while I struggled to speak a form stole pas

me into the wretched abode and whispered "It is too late !" When the morning dawned I could no rest. I hurried out and walked the street scanning every face and figure, and hoping against hope that I would meet my victin I could not find her. Then I left the street seen the pale faces of the poor peerir through shattered panes. By-and-by I cam to a time-beaten, desolate-looking hovel hal buried under the snow. Frost covered the panes and snow had drifted over the doorstep. I looked for smoke from the chimner

bat none came forth. I listened for sound of human voices, but I listened in vain. Then I felt myself a criminal, and tremble as if the law had laid its hands upon me. would have run away, but some strang power prevented and urged me nearer. knocked at the door. No answer. I tapped on the window. All was silen

Then I opened the door and stepped in. had committed murder, and like other murthere by the sun is where Santa Claus lives derers had been drawn back to the scene by give us something; and tell him how we have nt got any father and how poor we are, and tell him were afraid he would forget held in her hands, and she seemed to have us to-night, because we were so poor, and shriveled up. On the bed-on the rags and straw covered with the rags, and locked in "I don't think it wise to go," said the each other's arms were the children-a girl stranger, "you would not find the sun, when of nine and a boy of twelve. On the wall near by were two stockings-faded and ragged and worn, but hung there for Santa

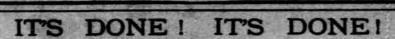
The stockings were empty. I touched the woman and called: "Good morning!" but she did not move. I bent over the children and shouted

"Merry Christmas!" hut they did not

They were dead! In my dream I had the spectre of death. Hunger and cold and The hundredth part of the contents of my was quite still, and their bosoms swelled fed them and placed tokens of a mother's on such happy occasions. "The darlings are asleep," said Mr. Blimber, "and we can

A tender child of summers three, Seeking her little bed at night, Paused on the dark stair timidly, "Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she, "And then the dark will all be light,"

Reack downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!
—Whittier in St. Nicholas.



JEWELRY. WATCHES, CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.

Our goods are first-class, clean and neat. Parties wishing anything in the above lines for themselves or presents to friends, will do well to call and examine our stock of goods. We shall mark them at prices to induce prudent buyers to take sdvantage

YOST & BENSON

22 MAIN ST.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

nalia the Romans used to ornament their temples and dwellings with green boughs. When Christianity became the religion of the empire, in the fourth century, the custom was preserved, and was justified by the priests from the account of the strewing of palm branches in the way during Christ's triumphal journey to Jerusalem, and also from the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. The Druids in England used to trim their houses with mistletce and other green branches to propitiate the wood spirits. Wherever Christianity went it found some such curtom, and hence it was not strange that decorating with overgreens at Christmas is almost uni-Growers and Packers of the "Platte Valley Brand"

Platte Valley Sugar Corn-tender, sweet and juicy. Ask your

Canning Works, corner Fourth and Patee Streets; Office, southwest cor Third and Charles Streets, St. Joseph, Missouri.

First Arkansas Valley Bank, No. 33 MAIN STREET.

The Oldest Banking Institution in the Arkansas Valley

Capital and Reserves. May 7. 84 - - - \$151.356.25 Being the largest qualified indemnity to depositors of any bank in the State of Kansas.

paper weight, a gold pen and an eight-day Does a Regular Banking Business in All Its Functions.

Loans Long-Time Foreign Money Largely Upon Satisfactory Wm.C. Woodman, Pres. Wm. S. Woodman, Cash. Wm. C. Woodman, Jr., Asst. Cash

DIAMONDS! DIAMONDS!

FOR

"You can put me down for fifty-two paper HRISTMAS weights. I have never received less than fifty-two, and sometimes as many as eighty-

You wi find a fine line of these beautiful gems at very low prices at Win, Kassel's; also some rare and choice goods in Jew-elry, set with Ruby, Pearl and Emeralds, styles that must suit all that delire to purchase Christmas goods.

We have a complete line of Gents' a Watchts at prices that will sell them every time. line of Gents' and Ladies' Gold

WATCHES! WATCHES

WILLIAM

CLOSING OUT SALE

GREAT

OF

Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, &c.

E. P. HOVEY & CO.,

Have decided on a change in their business, and will on Monday, Dec. 1st, offer their entire stock of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, amounting to

\$40,000,

At a great sacrifice, to close at once. This will prove a golden opportunity to purchase Mr. and Mrs. Blimber, leaded with good things for the stockings of the two little Blimbers, paused on the threshold of the

smothered accents of a small boy's voice, saying: "Wake up, Jimmy; it's almost time for dad to be coming down the chimbey."

We mean just what we say, and we positively state that our entire stock will be sold at so & 22 Douglas Ave., Wichita Ka Charles H. Biller, a telegraph operator, whose home is at Newark, N. J., will have a metry Christman, doubtless. On Fridoy he completed his 21st year, but he is not so young as to have been deprived of the good fortune of saving many human lives exposed to death by drowning. His bravery was sakmowledged some time since by the Humane society, which gave uim its medal, and on Fridoy he was presented with a \$1,000 check by Henry Benedict, of Philadelphis, besides other valuable gifts from messaless of the family, in gratitude for have

Hard Times, Wheat Low, Cleveland Elected, and Overloaded With Goods.

These are the Four Reasons why I propose to Slaughter

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, GLOVES,

For Thirty days. I don't think times will be much better for some time. I

propose to unload, and I am going to do it sure.

Twenty Thousand Dollar Stock.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables. All good New Fresh Clean Goods, marked right out in plain figures, very low. We sell strictly at One Price. I will offer

One Hundred Dollars Reward

To any man, woman or child that will "jew" either my clerks or myself five cents on any article in the house. Ten per cent will be returned to you in gold, silver or currency on all purchases in clothing amounting from 50 cents upwards. Twenty per cent will be returned to you in gold, silver or currency on anything in the boot and shoe line. Remember the place

CHEAP CASH STORE.

DOUGLAS AVENUE, First door West of Citizens' Bank.

CALL AND SEE IF I MEAN BUSINESS.

T. W. COVERDALE.

OLIVER BROS. LUMBER DEALERS. Branch Yards at

Winfield, Wellington, Garden Plain & Harper. Clearwater Bank

Of Wilson & Tillinghast.

Do a general banking business. Prompt at-Exton's Corn Mills. Fine Ground and Bolted Corn Meal.

Ground Corn and Oats. Corn-Chop and Bran. KASSEL.

Steam Hay-Baling.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BLY A Watch, Gun, Pistol, POST THE PAWNBROKER

GLOBE IRON WORKS.



AUCTIONEERS

MULNIX & ALDEN, Auctioneers & Commission Berchants, 208 Douglas Avenue, Wichita

MULNIX & ALDEN,

netioneers, 208 Douglas Ave., Wichita, Ka J. A. STEDMAN General Insurance Agent Fire, Tornado, Life and Accident

Largest Agency in the Valley ROCK & WELLS. UNION MEAT MARKET!

OFFICE 100 DOUGLAS AVENUE

J. P. ALLEN. Every Thing Kept in a First-Class Drug Store.

ierael bros Druggists and Grocers.



Philadelphia Store.

"Special Prices

Fully 25 per cent.

Ladies' Wraps

A KATZ.

a Building (New No.), 111 Douglas Ave.

SNIVELY & WILHITE

REAL ESTATE, LOAN & INSURANCE FIRM

GO TO "The German Grocery"

FOR CHEAP GROCERIES.

A FULL LINE OF PARCY GROCERIES EVERT & ENGINEET